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1910



THE HISTORY OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FROM 1789 TO 1899
IN SEVEN VOLUMES
BY
LILLIAN BARKER BEEDE

BY
LILLIAN BARKER BEEDE



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THROUGH THE MISTS

BY
LILLIAN BARKER BEEDE



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THERE'S ONLY ONE THING IN THIS WORLD
OF OURS, THAT,
LIKE THE SOUL OF MAN
GOD HATH ENDOWED WITH IMMORTALITY,
AND THAT IS LOVE

Sorrow Songs



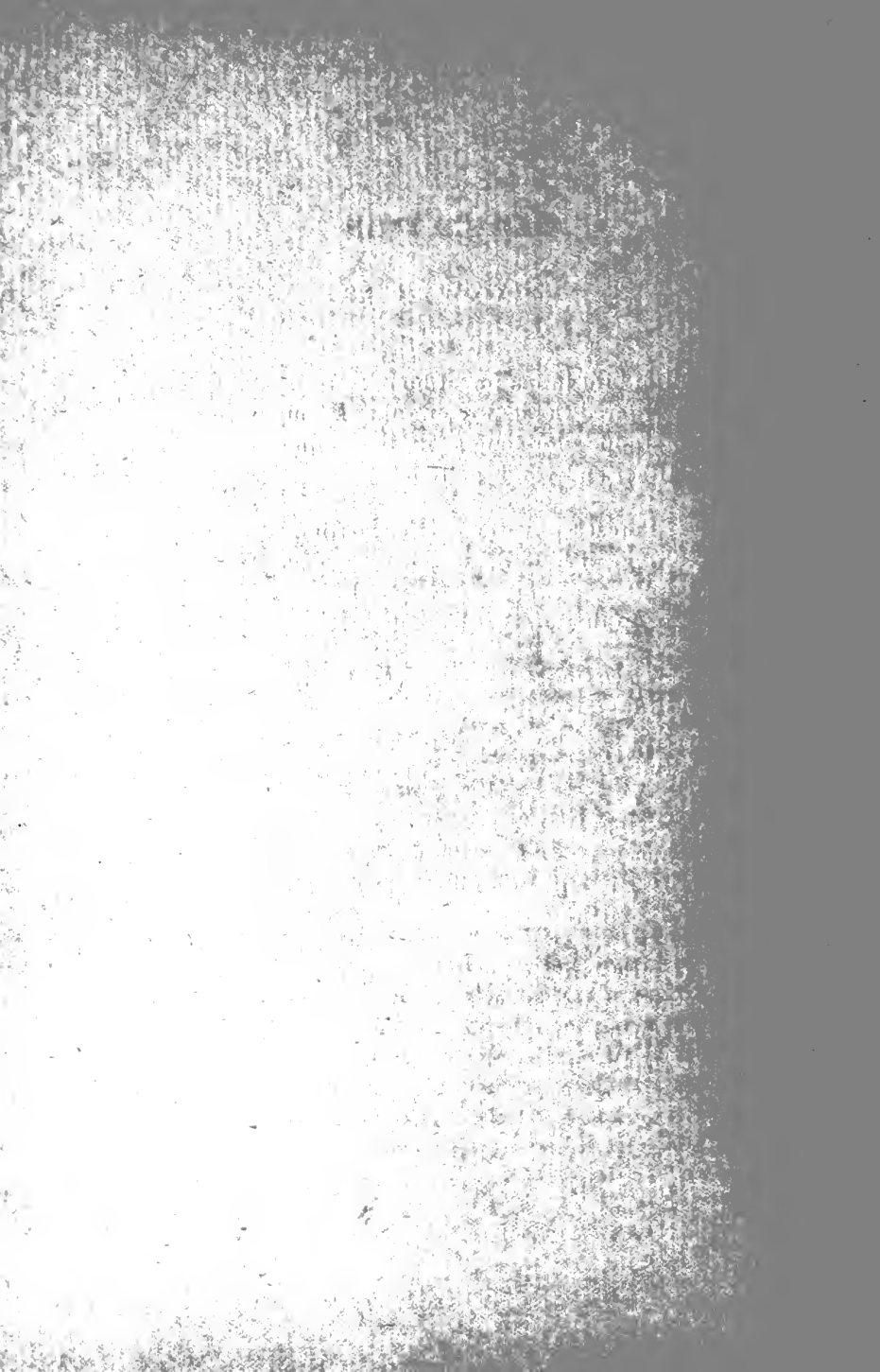
A little bird in his forest home
Twittered the happy morning through,
Nor stopped for song as on busy wing
Hither and yon it gaily flew.

The Forest Spirit then called to him,
"Sing, little bird, the song of songs
I gave to you when I gave you life,
For to the forest it belongs."

The Voice unheeding a nest he built,
Flitting about in sweet content;
He twittered love to his happy mate,
While to the West the morning went.

The twilight creeping down forest trails,
Paused as a flood of music rang
Across the hills in a pure, sweet strain,
Straight from the heart of him who sang.

The little bird by his nest alone
Singeth a requiem o'er a grave,
(For 'neath the bluebells his mate lies dead),
Singeth the song the Spirit gave.



DEDICATION



TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND,
CHARLES GOULD BEEDE

Sweet Poet, when thy broken harp
Lay silenced by the Master's hand,
When thrilled no more its slender strings
By passion's flaming pinions fanned,
Then up from valley, hill and plain,
And swelling upward from the sea,
There rose a sweet and solemn strain,
As nature's children mourned for thee.

Thy soul communed with theirs and felt
A kindred sympathy and love;
Beside their sacred altars knelt,
Thy heart enkindled from above.
Because thy harp so finely wrought
The heart-beat of a violet,
Upon its throbbing strings it caught,
They crowned thee poet-laureate.

Then when thy minstrel harp could voice
No longer nature's undertone,
No more in joy with her rejoice,
Nor make her sorrows, too, thine own,
Then like a mother o'er her child
She mourned for thee that autumn day;
The western wind low-winged and wild
The tidings bore along its way.

The brooks and rivers you had veiled
In moon-lit mists of silver song,
Uncomforted thy loss bewailed
To flower-flecked fields they passed along.
Great dewy tears the morning wept,
Remembering how you praised her blush;
Thy own loved twilight vigil kept,
Enshrouding day in solemn hush.

The flowers that shared each fragrant thought
With thee, their petals closed in prayer;
The birds whose music you had caught,
With plaintive twitters teased the air;
The mountains that in song you praised
As "Nature's Stairway of the Soul,"
Their hoary heads in reverence raised,
Crowned with a snowy aureole.

And she who tuned thy harp for thee,
And made thy soul with rapture thrill,
Thy music-mother, yonder sea,
Mourned for thee then, mourns for thee still.
She sang thy infant lullabys,
Sweet Poet, in those days of yore,
And now thy requiem she sighs
Along New England's barren shore.

Now Nature locks her door again;
No poet's pen shall be the key
To open up her heart to men,
Unsung she grieves and mourns for thee.
We'll lay thy broken harp away,
Its voice of melody has flown;
Perhaps in Paradise some day,
Thy harp's sweet soul shall find thy own.

THE AUTHOR

THROUGH THE MISTS.



Beat Soft, Beat Low



Beat soft, beat low, O sorrowful sea,
On the lonely sands I tread,
For soft and low beats the heart of me,
In a requiem for my dead.

O break, sad waves, the grim, rocky shore
Never heeds thy passion-cry;
Thus breaks my heart for its love-dream o'er,
As the wings of Death sweep by.

Sing on, brave sea, though over thee roll
Shrouding mists that blur the sun;
So rose a song from my own sad soul,
Though a veil between us swung.

Take heart for still the sun shines above
All the gloom-winged clouds, O sea;
Be brave, my heart, for thy dear one's love
Waits beyond the mists for thee.

Blow, Breezes, Gently Blow



Blow softly, sweet breezes, from fair southern skies,
Where beauty lies languid with dream-lidded eyes;
Blow gently and bear on your wings the perfume,
The honey-sweet breath of the magnolia bloom;
Oh linger, sweet breezes, and shake from your pinions
The scent of the Southland, of love's own dominions,
Here, where he lieth low,
Blow, breezes, gently blow,
Blow, gently blow.

Blow softly, sweet breezes, with songs in your throats,
The pure haunting echoes of mockingbirds' notes;
The music that rises in deep mellow tones
From souls born in sorrow, 'neath lashes and groans;
Loved songs of the Southland in dreamy-sweet numbers,
Whose dear spirit-voices disturb not his slumbers,
Here, where he lieth low,
Sing, breezes, soft and slow,
Sing, soft and slow.

"I'll Tell My Love for You--Someday"



When flowing like a silver stream,
June flooded all the earth with flowers,
Her passion-waves thrilled through our hearts
And swept the minutes into hours.
We climbed the little winding path
That mounted like an angel-stair
The golden glory of the hills,
And in the merry morning there
He smiled into my shining eyes
In love's own satisfying way,
But only this could win from me—
"I'll tell my love for you—someday."

The years like shining links of gold
Upon the endless chain of time,
Slipped through our hands and trailed behind,
With youth and beauty in their prime.
We wandered back from other scenes,
To stand at love's first starting place;
With slower steps we climbed the hills;
He smiling looked into my face,
And called me "wife," then whispered low
That query in the same sweet way;
I answered with a happy laugh—
"I'll tell my love for you—someday."

Once more life's golden links slip by,
And time reclaims again its own;
In sable robes I now return
To climb the little path alone.
I stumble up its winding ways,
With weary feet and misting eyes;
I know no other spot on earth
Can lift me nearer to the skies.
And standing here his spirit-voice
Drops sweetly down the starry way;
My answering heart sobs, "Over there
I'll tell my love for you—someday."



My Choice



If there should come from mystic realms of light
A Heaven-sent messenger to offer me
A Croesus-heritage on land and sea,
Or, if I wealth and its attendant might
Disdained, to give me power my name to write
Upon fame's scroll for ages yet to be;
Or proffer wisdom of such high degree
That mind could solve life's problems all right;
Or 'gainst these three a promise that the door
That shuts my soul from thine might open swing,
And thou to earth return for one brief day—
Wealth, fame, and wisdom quickly passing o'er,
I'd choose that day, love's thirsting heart I'd bring
For thee to fill ere passed those hours away.

If--Then



If I could call them back—those dear dead days,
Those happy days of yore;
If there could be no parting of the ways—
No closed and silent door
Between us, dear:

If I could look again into your eyes and see
That sweet caressing smile;
If love's impassioned voice so dear to me
For just a little while
Might bless my ear:

Then for thy own dear sake henceforth I'd live,
And know there could not be
A greater joy on earth than just to give
My life and all to thee

In love's sweet ways;
Then never should one word or deed or thought
Love's tender tribute lack;
Down at thy feet I'd lay all life has brought—
If I could call them back—
Those dear dead days.

On the River



I was drifting down the river,
Where the white cloud-islands lie
On its wavering breast reflected
From the ocean of the sky.
Through the dreamy autumn silence
Shot a silver shaft of song,
That within my heart found lodgement,
As I idly moved along.

And I saw the singer floating,
In the shadows by the shore,
All the rich, pure tones outpouring
From the wounded heart he bore;
Like an angel-breath the music
Swept the harp-strings of my soul,
And to him across the water,
Echo-winged an answer stole.

Then he came from out the shadows,
And we drifted side by side,
With the sunshine all around us,
Down the stream with wind and tide;
And our hearts were filled with gladness,
While we caroled with the birds,
Then were hushed to tender silence
With our souls too full for words.

Speeding hours to days were lengthened,

Then the days overlapped the years;

Comrades still we rode together,

Sharing both our smiles and fears;

Oftentimes the storm-clouds darted

Frowns of anger from above;

Clasping hands we drew still closer,

Spirit-bound in trusting love.

But the tempest burst upon us,

In one dark and dreadful hour,

Tossed our fragil barks like drift-weed,

Held us helpless in its power.

When the morning dawned in splendor

Over river, vale, and hill,

By my side a wrecked boat drifted,

And the songster's voice was still.

But his dear gray eyes were smiling

Into mine with tender light,

And a strange new courage lingered

In his face so wan and white;

Then I drew his wrecked bark nearer,

Leashed it fast unto my own,

As I nerved my soul to battle

With the storm and wave alone.

Thus we drifted on together,

And our spirits sorrow-taught,

Found a deeper, richer blessing

Than the care-free hours had brought.

Clearer grew his soul-lit vision,

He could see the distant shore,

And he voiced its peace-bound beauty

With a strain from Heaven-writ score.

Then a strange, dark mist came stealing
From the shore to meet our boats,
An appalling fear stole o'er us,
Hushed the singer's silvery notes;
And a mighty hand outreaching,
Drew his boat from mine apart,
Tore our clinging hands asunder,
Rent in twain each tortured heart.

Loud I cried in bitter anguish
As I saw him disappear,
And he, hearing, paused to answer
With a tender word of cheer;
Then the heavy silence crushing
All the sweetness from my soul,
Held me back when I would follow
To the distant unknown goal.

Lone and desolate I'm drifting,
Listening for his dipping oar,
Longing for an echo only,
From that far mist-hidden shore;
And I search the empty shadows
With a weary, vague unrest,
Calling softly through the twilight,
But in vain my eager quest.

Yet my heart has told me truly
That his spirit hovers near,
Though my flesh-veiled eyes see nothing,
And my ears no whisper hear;
When my wave-worn bark drifts shoreward,
And the glory-lighted goal
I behold through lifting shadows,
Then I'll meet him soul to soul.

I Know Not Why



I know not why my heart has grown
So strangely still, when it has known
The sweetest melodies of song
That to the earth and Heavens belong;
When from each passion-thrilling string
It sang the song the angels sing;
I know not why, I know not how,
I only know 'tis silent now.

I know not why my heart should sigh
When youth and joy go tripping by,
It still refuses to grow old;
It knew more joy than life could hold,
But now its joy is turned to pain,
And tear-drops fall like summer rain;
I know not why, I know not how,
I only know its sorrows now.

I know not why my heart lies there,
A shell, untenanted and bare,
For love and all her joyous train
Once dwelt within its sweet domain
And blessed each happy thought that flew
From you to me, from me to you;
I know not why, I know not how,
I only know 'tis empty now.

If I Had Only Known



Oh if I had only known, dear heart,
Of the parting sorrow and pain,
Of the joyless days and the endless ways,
Ere our lives were one again—
I'd have been more kind and thoughtful, dear,
In the careless hours now flown,
I'd have told you more of the love I bore,
If I had only known.

Oh if I had only known, dear heart,
Of the dreary silence to be,
When thy voice no more as in days of yore
Spoke in loving words to me—
I'd have been content to listen, dear,
To no voice but thine alone,
And no angry word had you ever heard,
If I had only known.

Oh if I had only known, dear heart,
Love alone makes life worth the while,
Then the soul of love from the Heavens above,
Should have brightened every smile—
Oh but now I know, I know it, dear,
All the debt of love I owe—
It awaits you here in my full heart, dear,
For now I shall always know.

I Would Not Call Thee Back



I would not call thee back, dear heart,
To tread earth's narrow ways,
To feel life's anguish and its pain,
As in those other days.
I know that just beyond the veil
Thy soul awaits my own,
That Heaven to thee is incomplete,
While I am here alone.

Thy full-fledged soul long since outgrew
Its earthly nesting place,
And would have flown on eager wings,
To meet Him face to face,
Had not I chained it with my tears,
Encaged it in my heart,
Imploring time to pass us by,
Nor rend our lives apart.

Ah no, I would not call thee back,
Love whispers and I know,
Thy seeking spirit finds all that
It longed for here below.
I cannot wish thee back, dear heart,
So now my prayer must be,
That He will make life's journey short,
And take me Home to thee.

A Mourner's Prayer

I do not seek, dear Lord, again to see
That memory-treasured face to me so dear,
Nor do I ask that earth-clogged ears may hear
That voice that thrilled the very soul of me;
I dare not pray, dear Lord, that I may go
Down with the sunset, out across the rim
Into eternity in search of him;
I only ask that I may feel and know
That in the spirit he is ever near,
As when on earth, though sometimes far apart,
His tender living presence filled my heart
And banished every longing, every tear.
I only ask through peace of soul to feel
He sees, he knows, he understands each need,
And watches o'er each thought, each word, each deed;
This is the presence, Lord, I pray, reveal—
An ever present sense of love and care,
A recognition through this soul of mine,
As satisfying, definite as Thine
Has been to me; this is, O Lord, my prayer.

Because You Missed Me So



(The Invalid)

I saw your face at the window, dear,
When I turned to say good-bye,
I saw the smile that you meant me to see,
I saw the tear in your eye;
I know you thought it was hidden, dear,
And that I would never know
The pain that burned in your heart all day,
Because you missed me so.

I met your smile with another, dear,
And I waved a gay farewell,
Then I turned away that you never might know
I caught your tear as it fell;
It burned its way to my own heart, dear,
With its wordless wail of woe;
My heart-strings throbbed with the pain of yours,
Because you missed me so.

Though all must go to the battle, dear,
And must fight till day is done,
You'll never find all the heroes are there,
To claim the victory won;
For some lie wounded within the camp,
Who can only watch and pray
For comrades fighting up near the front,
No braver men than they.

I'll look for you at the window, dear,
When I hasten home tonight,
You'll welcome me with a sweet, tender smile,
The tears will hide out of sight;
But I will know of the long hours, dear,
When the dial hands were slow,
And heart grew faint with the waiting, dear,
Because you missed me so.



O Boatman, Row Me Away



O Boatman, thou with the silent oar,
Row me away from this barren shore;
Oh haste, my love on the cold gray sea,
The rolling wave bears away from me;
O Boatman, row me along his trail,
Where stars grow dim and the moon grows pale;
A holy hush hangs above the deep,
And cradl'ing billows lull life to sleep.
O Boatman, haste, row me out to him,
Ere fades his bark o'er the ocean's rim;
Oh blow, ye winds, with the tempest-breath,
And speed our boat on the wings of Death,
To silent deeps on the great Gray Sea,
Where drifts my love to Eternity.
O Boatman, thou with the muffled oar,
Come row me out from this lonely shore.

A Requiem of Roses*

I bring the red roses you love, dear,
Red roses a-sparkle with dew,
That passionate sunbeams above, dear,
Have kissed into blossom for you:
And this message of love I enclose, dear,
In the heart of each beautiful rose, dear:

We shall meet in the sweet someday,
When the mists from my soul roll away,
Happy tears blot the years I have lost,
In my joy I'll forget what they cost,
Someday, someday,
We shall meet in the sweet someday.

I strew the red roses you love, dear,
A-sparkle with tears o'er your grave,
And pray that your soul from above, dear,
May whisper the greeting I crave
Through the heart of my roses, and may, dear,
Turn the night of my sorrow to day, dear:

"We shall meet in the sweet someday,
When the mists from your soul roll away,
Happy tears blot the years we have lost,
In our joy we'll forget what they cost,
Someday, someday,
We shall meet in the sweet someday."

*By permission of the owner, P. P. Bilhorn.

The Spirit-Call

A wide expanse of billowy prairie grasses;
A wind-blown sky with cloud-veils o'er the blue;
The straggling, vagrant raindrops earthward falling;
A mud-hen mourning in a distant slough.
A little child the tall, coarse grasses parting,
With fearless feet plods through the pathless way;
She cannot see the father she would follow—
The sighing reeds around her bid her stay.
She pauses where the yellow cowslips glimmer
In golden blotches from their watery bed;
The bridgeless pond across her pathway stretches;
Relentless clouds are frowning overhead;
Her tear-tuned voice rings out across the water.
The friendly zephyrs wing it to the ears
Of one who hearing, turns, the trail retraces,
And bears her safely over—still her fears.
A lonely woman on a lonely pathway;
Life's fallen leaves her sable mantle sweeps;
The moaning pines her vanished hopes bewailing,
Blot out the sky above her as she weeps;
Unmindful of the din of busy voices,
Whose strident tones from dusty highways roll,
She stumbles on, her deaf ears hearing only
The spirit-call that echoes in her soul.
She stands at last beside a mist-bound river,
With well-known footprints on the nearer shore,
And just beyond, within the purpling shadows,
Her widowed heart beholds its mate once more.
A grief-impassioned cry, then dumb outreaching
Of arms across the bridgeless, boatless wave—
A spirit-answer—then life's grand awakening,
Within the arms of love, beyond the grave.

Today and Yesterday



The colorless dawn of today, love,
As it steps o'er the threshold of night,
So pale and so cheerless, so gray, love,
Chills my heart with its cold shrouded light;
I see the day stretching before me
Like a path through a drear, barren land,
And sorrow, hawk-winged, hovering o'er me,
As alone on that pathway I stand;
But I live not in today or tomorrow, love,
For they are blighted with tears and with sorrow, love,
I live in the yesterday.

My yesterday's rare golden splendor
Dawned with love in rose-radiant skies;
Hands clasped, hearts united and tender,
We together, with love-lighted eyes,
Went forward to follow the morning
In the trail of the westering sun;
Fair blossoms the pathway adorning
Bloomed for us till that sweet day was done;
So I live not in today or tomorrow, love,
For they are blighted with tears and with sorrow, love,
I live in the yesterday.

Two Roses



I have found the rose that you brought me dear,
In the yesterday of years;
'Twas love's first red rose and my sad heart glows
Once again with love that you taught me dear,
Yet I cannot stay the tears,
For the crumbling leaves of this faded flower
Spring to life and blushing red,
The soft petals part and there on its heart,
Memory-pictured, lies life's supremest hour,
When your eyes and rose both said,
Though your lips were dumb, "Oh, I love you, dear,"
And I felt the wild sweet thrill
Of that spark divine in this heart of mine,
As the heavens bent smiling above you, dear,
And the listening worlds grew still.

Now the petals close o'er its heart once more,
And the deep red fades to gray,
And my spirit grieves o'er its withered leaves,
For that joyous love of those days of yore
That from me has passed away.
In the loom of time, unskilled hands to guide,
To and fro my shuttle sped
With a tangled skein of life's joy and pain;
But the faulty patterns you glorified,
When you wove in love's gold thread,
And I find love-lines, growing dim with age,
Wrapped about the sweet, dead bloom;
Though a halting rhyme and a faltering time,
'Tis the breath of love on the written page,
And its perfume fills my room.

Then my eyes are veiled with a mist of tears,
And another rose I see;
'Tis the same blush tint that the sunlight's glint
Brought to this dead rose of those love-linked years,
That, sweetheart, you gave to me;
And this other rose bears a message, too,
In its fragrant, deep-red heart—
'Tis the love my soul, when between us roll
Voiceless silences, would uplift to you
Where you dwell from me apart;
And I've laid this rose there above you, dear,
At the doorway closed to me,
With a longing prayer that you'll find it there,
And will hear its whispered "I love you, dear,"
Echo through eternity.



The Empty Glass



My life was like an empty glass, dear heart,
That stood upon the shelf of time apart;
You came and filled it with the wine of Love,
We pledged, we drank—then Death bade you depart.

Ah yes, the glass is drained, but O the thought
That once 'twas brimming with the wine you brought
Will quench the thirst of all the desert years,
And bless the emptiness that Death has wrought.

The After-Glow



The evening sky glows with a mellowy splendor
Of soft opal tints in the glory-crowned light;
The river reflecting his radiant beauty
Long after the sun has slipped down out of sight.

So, Love, while the twilight of sorrow glooms round me,
A sweet, silver light is aglow in my breast,
Where lieth reflected thy soul's lustrous beauty,
Though you with the sun have gone down in the West.



Easter Reflections



The stone from the tomb of our risen Lord,
The angels rolled away;
The grief that lies like a stone on my heart
Grows heavier each day.

The loved one I mourn with the Lord arose,
From Death's enshrouding gloom;
The stone that rolled from his sepulcher closed
My life within a tomb.

'Twas Life that unsealed for the Lord His grave,
And Life my love set free;
But only Death can remove the weight
Of grief that entombeth me.

Love's Immortality



Oh seek not to comfort my sorrow, bewailing
With kind, tender voices my 'loved and my lost;'
'Love *never* is lost' cries my spirit unfailing,
Though stricken with pain in my heart's holocaust.

The passion of love for the dear ones we cherish,
Fades not into twilight when life sinks to rest,
'Tis only the semblance of love if it perish,
Is lost on oblivion's sea in the west.

Love were not love unless love were immortal,
Endowed like the soul with a life after time,
Empowered to pass smiling through Night's glooming portal,
And reach its completion in Love the Sublime.

Rob sorrowing hearts—that courageous endeavor
To reach Faith's white light as tear-blinded they grope—
Of love's sweet reunion forever and ever,
You tear from the soul its one blossom of hope.

I mourn for my loved, but there gleams through my sorrow
A blessed assurance, through tears like a smile,
That there at the gate-way of life's sweet tomorrow,
Love waiteth my coming in God's afterwhile.

Sympathy



I feel the loving sympathy, dear friend,
Your lips are longing to express:
The consolation that you would extend
In kindly words, I can but guess;
And yet I bolt the entrance to my heart—
My bitter grief I cannot share;
Like some sick creature of the wild, apart
From all I would my sorrow bear.
My lacerated heart too tender yet
To bear upon its broken strings
The breath of speech; still, I would not forget
Nor lightly prize the love that brings
You to my side, to help me bear my loss;
But hovering near the border-land
'Twixt Life and Death, my longing soul would cross
And follow that dear beckoning hand.
E'en sympathy like yours could never stay
My spirit-flight, nor clip the wings,
That brushing earth's obscuring clouds away,
Seek Love to mend life's broken strings.

A Bit of Green Sod

There's a bit of green sod over yonder
On the sunny side of the hill,
Where the moon-arrows fall in the evening
When the world lies dreamy and still.

There's a sad, weary heart that is breaking
Over here, alone in my room,
When the shadows of evening embrace me
In the crushing arms of the gloom.

In my heart there's a great empty chamber,
Where a hollow-voiced echo jeers
At the music that memory's fingers
Strive to chord from happier years.

Friend, you say you can share in my sorrow,
And you bring a promise and prayer,
But there's only one passport admits you,
'Tis a bit of sod over there.

If you own a green grave over yonder,
Then you understand, and your pain
Touches mine and the barriers are melted
Like the winter snow by the rain.

Sorrow

I am Sorrow,
My sable wings
Brush the gladness
And smiles from things,
Unwelcomed I tarry,
Unmourned I go
Down my desolate
Pathway of woe.
Yet I've a mission
On earth—to you,
I teach human sympathy
Tender and true;
You greet sister Joy
With more love in your heart,
Since I have dwelt with you,
And when I depart
That gloom that enfolds you
In blackness of night,
To twilight is brightened
By Faith's steady light.

I am Sorrow,
I wring the tears
From hearts that must suffer
When Death appears
And blows out the taper,
Which under the sod
He hides, while the soul-flame
Flashes upward to God.
Yet a Heaven-born soul
Is my father—Death,
With the blessing of God
In his hope-blasting breath,
For the flame of life
That he blows above,
Is the beacon-light
For the eyes of love,
And twinkles in glory
From Heaven's bright dome,
To guide halting footsteps
Unerringly home.

While All the Village Sleeps

I'm sitting in the twilight, dear,
The golden day has fled,
And Night her dusky, star-sprent robe,
On hill and town has spread;
The moonlight paints a silvery bridge
Across the river's deeps,
And o'er it speed my thoughts to thee,
While all the village sleeps.

On yonder distant shore I see
In purple outline rise,
The wooded hills like sentries grim,
Against the starry skies;
A longing then for home and thee,
Into my lone heart creeps,
I sit and dream of thee and love,
While all the village sleeps.

The days are growing long, dear heart,
Each week a thousand years;
Love calls to me, "Come home! come home!"
My heart is drenched in tears;
But still I wait and pray and know,
The Father's mercy keeps
My darling safe, though far away,
While all the village sleeps.

Woman's Dower



Two God-like spirits are a woman's dower—
The one, with stern, pale lips and saddened eyes
Where an eternity of sorrow lies,
Endurance she is called, and hers the power
To suffer and be still; each day, each hour
To bear with fortitude the hidden grief,
Nor dare to hope that time will bring relief;
Her sister spirit, Love, a fragile flower,
Leans like a trusting child upon her breast,
A glory beaming in her love-lit eye,
Life's sweetest roses to her bosom pressed;
Who, wakened from her dreams would droop and die,
Did not Endurance her strong wings extend,
And bear her thro life's journey to the end.

In the Valley of Love

Girded round by rugged mountains, cradled dreaming at their feet,

Heir of Eden's mystic beauty an entrancing Valley lies,
While like mother-love above it bends the tender, smiling
skies.

From its heart a strain of music soars aloft in matins sweet,
While the timid songster hiding by a fern-embroidered
stream,

Tunes her harp to languid measures wandering aimless
through a dream.

Sweet and clear across the Valley, clarion-voiced an answer
rings;

Trembling ferns by amorous breezes in a wild embrace are
caught;

Thrills the maiden's heart with wonder as she wakes from
dreamy thot,

Hears a faint, low murmuring echo from her harp's vibrating
strings,

As though touched by unseen fingers. Ended now his early
tryst

With the Dawn, through rosy portals, mantled in a tinted mist

Steps a form whose radiant beauty fills the maid with shy
delight;

All her dreams of love are woven in the fabric of his song;

All the joy of all the ages to her happy heart belong;

Standing smiling there before her in the morning's golden light,
Steals his fingers o'er her harp-strings till a flood of music
rolls
Unrestrained in waves of passion over both their trembling
souls.

Springing up on silver wings,
Dancing, glancing as it sings,
Sparkling with the dew of morn,
Joy on perfumed breezes borne;
With a vague, confused and hesitating note,
That breaks and struggles in its muffled throat,
Doubt tries to sing but cannot catch the tune.
Then rise the sullen tones of Jealousy and Pain,
The wailing cry of desolate Despair,
All flinging discord through the troubled strain,
That shrieks and grumbles,
Shrills and stumbles
In harsh sounds upon the air;
Till calm and clear the happy voices
Of Hope and Faith through the song rejoice;
Then the master-hand from each throbbing string,
Blends the variant notes that the Passions sing,
Until sweet and pure as an angel-strain,
Flows the deep low measure of Love's refrain;
And from heart to heart; and from soul to soul
All the love-tuned waves of the music roll.

Through the Vale of Love they wander on together hand in
hand;
In each heart the Heaven-wrought music murmurs like a
virgin's prayer,
Holy, pure, its tender cadence rears a choral altar there.

Phoebus drives his flaming chariot where the lofty mountains
stand

Rugged, grim, to guard the Valley like some sentinels of old,
High above their frowning foreheads, down his westering
trail of gold.

Thus the hours on joyous pinions come and go like homing
doves,

Till the years stretch out behind them like a string of
priceless pearls,

While the Spirit of the Valley mystic beauty still unfurls.

Through a rift between the mountains, clasping close the hand
she loves,

She espies a gray sea rolling, she can catch the undertone
Of a distant boom of music sinking to a sobbing moan.

Then her comrade's slender fingers flutter 'mong her harp's
sweet strings,

And her heart stands still in terror at the strange new notes
that fly

Passion-winged throughout the Valley, darting upward to the
sky.

One startled note of wonder;

And, then, a muffled calm;

The tense air hushed and breathless

To catch the next alarm.

The silence grows oppressive;

Sound struggles to be free;

Then a shrill sharp shriek as of travail,

That drowns the voice of the sea.

A wild, fierce cry from the battling soul,

As the waves of anguish about it roll,

And the passion of life with tiger claws

Clings to earth;

Then a bitter wail of despair

Rends through the sympathizing air,

Tears the heart to a thousand shreds;

Roots up fond memories from their beds,

Then flings them aside to wither and die,

With a moan of pain and a broken sigh.

Silence: and then from the passion-spent strings

A slender note quivers, grows stronger, then rings

In a clear note of promise, of faith and of hope,

Then purer and sweeter and truer and higher,

Like the silver stream from the refiner's fire,

It pours from the harp, till an angel-choir

Charmed by the song of a human clod,

Sing it again at the throne of God.

Once to every soul there calleth from afar that spectral Sea,

And life's footsteps then turn seaward; when the rebellious
soul grows calm,

From its harp of love there riseth to its God a glory psalm.

Through the rift between the mountains, slow they pass though
memories flee

Back along the charmed pathway to the love-lit days of yore;

Now there stretches out before them level lines of
wave-swept shore.

Soul and body weak and weary, longing now for peace and
rest,

Stands he waiting where the waters hold the land in close
embrace,

With a light not mortal shining on his form and on his face.

From the shrouded deeps a white boat slowly drifts out from
the west,
By the waves pushed gently shoreward till at last it touches
land,
And he steps aboard her waiting for the pilot's low command.

"Oh so long, so long" his spirit to the silent pilot cries,
Then beside him Love's low sobbing wakes his misting mind
again,
And love's last sweet word is spoken to the muffled Sea's
"Amen!"

Then estranging, glooming shadows hide the smiles of friendly
skies,
And his spirit-boat drifts slowly with the sinking, ebbing tide,
Slips away from Life's sweet Valley that his love has
glorified.

But along the mystic pathway, out across the unknown deep,
Uniting their souls forever trails a silver thread of song,
That each parting league unravels from a heart where
memories throng.

Sad and lonely she is waiting where the friendly waters creep
Up the sloping shore to meet her; but unheeding them she
peers
Out into the mist-bound ocean praying softly through her
tears

For the silent boat's returning, for a message from the Sea,
Bidding her embark and follow out where mortal visions fail,
Out beyond the deep gray shadows, out upon the silvery
trail.

Two Sister Days



(April 14, 1897-1908)

O sad-eyed sister-day of one
Who wore a glory on her brow,
Who blessed our happy marriage vow,
When love's sweet harmonies begun

Life's joyous song; through tears I view
Your sombre mien and strange sad face,
Remembering well your sister's grace,
When life and love were tender, true.

In weeping April's dismal skies
Your sister's smile rainbowed her tears;
To-day her sunny face appears
Gloomed by the sorrow in your eyes.

Love's Recompense



O love, my tears have washed away
The blinding dust of other years;
With clearer vision I behold
Life's joys and fears.

How seeming small earth's fretful cares,
That twine about our spirit-wings,
And leave us fluttering in the mire
Of earthly things;

While overhead the pure, free air
Of life beyond this mortal clod,
Unruffled flows through endless space,
And up to God.

The Lord of Life twin-spirits sent
At birth, to bless and closer bring
Ourselves to Him; thus Soul and Thought
Fly wing and wing,

And pierce Death's mystery-woven veil,
And soul communes with soul once more,
While thy dear love is glorified
As ne'er before.

While Soul and Thought are poised with thee,
One shadow only glooms their wings—
Too soon must they drop down again
To earthly things.

Some day when they have borne me up
To thy encircling love and care,
A grave will bar their earthward flight
And keep me there.

And keep me there forever, dear,
Forevermore with God and thee,
Where rolls the ocean of true love—
Eternity.

In "The Narrows"



Speechless I stand between these massive walls
Whose rugged, jagged rocks zig-zag the blue,
And fill my soul with wonder and with awe,
While sight re-paints the memory-scene anew;
Of quiet Quaker-tinted rocks adorned
With bits of brighter hue; a filmy veil
Of flower-tipped vines lies draped across one spot;
While lower down a fringe of sweet ferns trail
Their cool green leaves along a stony ledge;
A tiny speck of blue—a flower-bell swings
Upon its slender, crevice-rooted stem
And wakes the memory-echoes as it rings
Its silent bells. Deep furrowed in the rocks,
Cut by the torrents from a hundred snows
That have come sweeping down the hills
To where the Mississippi's water flows,
A little brook within the prisoning walls
Sighs softly to itself, then shouts in glee
As down a rock-ridged rift it boldly leaps
In vain and daring effort to be free.

The solemn grandeur of the silent scene
Awakes half conscious longings in my soul
To feel another's heart with rapture thrill,
As o'er it floods of new-found beauty roll.

I reach my hand to clasp thine own, dear heart,
In silent understanding as of yore,
And turn to catch the glory in your eyes
That points out beauties unrevealed before;
Remembering, then, my tear-veiled eyes see but
Nature's majestic masonry of gloom;
Great shadowing, over-hanging rocks,
That hold the narrow road within a tomb;
Upon my cheek I feel the cold, moist breath
Of earth where sunlight never falls, and fear
Chills through my shivering form; and then,
"Look up, sweetheart," rings softly in my ear.
Was it a thought that flashed its silvery wings
An instant through my mind, or did thy voice,
Thy spirit-voice, respond to my distress,
And form itself in speech to thus rejoice
My soul with memory-haunted music?
It was thy voice that e'en from Heaven, love,
Must answer to my heart's despairing cry
And bid my sorrowing soul to look above
Earth's narrow chasm walls. And now I lift
Once more my eyes, obeying love's command,
Far up above "The Narrows" darkling cliffs
To where the pine plumes on their foreheads stand;
And there Love's promise, rainbowed through my tears,
Rests in a glory-crown of golden light
Upon the sun-swept peaks; then through the rift
Of blessed blue my soul climbs up with sight,
And in the dazzling splendor, love, it greets thine own,
And earth's bewildering ways I walk no more alone.

Only a Word from One Who Knows

Only a word to the stricken heart
Tuned by a pain as its hopes depart,
 Anguish and gloom around it close;
Only a word from a stranger's pen,
Written with faltering hand, but then
 Straight from the heart of one who knows.

Only a word when the shadows fall;
Answering bravely the Master's call,
 Into the mist the spirit goes;
Only a word to the ones whose eyes
Pierce not the veil that between them lies;
 Only a word from one who knows.

Only a word in a broken strain;
Heart speaks to heart in hours of pain;
 Out of a grief a kinship grows;
Only a word, yet it lights the gloom,
Gives us a vision beyond the tomb;
 HOPE is the word from one who knows.

My Flower of Love



One day when Love was flying past
My heart's bare, empty plot,
He dropped a seed from Paradise
Upon the barren spot.

Unknown to me it sprouted there,
Sent up a tender shoot,
And deeper in the virgin soil
Crept down its tiny root.

The tears of sorrow watered it,
Love lingered there awhile,
Until it blossomed sweet and fair
Beneath his sunny smile.

Then came a voice from out the skies,
"Fly higher, lowly Love,"
In answer to his Master's will
He winged his way above.

The flower that bloomed within my heart
Hung drooping on its stem,
Till Love's sweet spirit set it in
His Heaven-made diadem.

In the Shadow of the Mountains

(Glenwood Springs, Colorado)



Where lovely Glenwood's mountain peaks
Zigzag the star-lit blue,
Enwrapped in silence at their feet,
I slept and dreamed of you;
And in my dreams I saw you stand
With thoughtful brow alone;
And creeping closer slipped my hand,
Sweetheart, within your own.

That same quick clasp of other days,
That held my hand and heart
A captive to your conquering love,
Now bade my fears depart.
Your soul-lit eyes from visions far,
Returned with sweet caress,
To smile your reassuring love
Into my heart's distress.

Then, in my dreams, upon your hand
I sobbing bowed my head,
And told in anguished tones how I
Had dreamed that you were dead.
Your tender kisses brushed away
The tears I shed for you;
I smiled—then woke to find the dream
Within the dream was true.

Death

Death stood before me grim and still and gray,
With leering lips that muttered of decay;
One bony finger pointing out the way
To where an open grave had scarred the sod.

My eyes met his unwavering, unafraid,
And then he dropped his mask and stood arrayed
In Heaven's livery, showed me as I prayed,
The grave a door-way leading up to God.

When Comes the Clarion Call

I care not how or where,
It does not matter when
The trumpet's silvery voice
Shall sound my life's Amen.

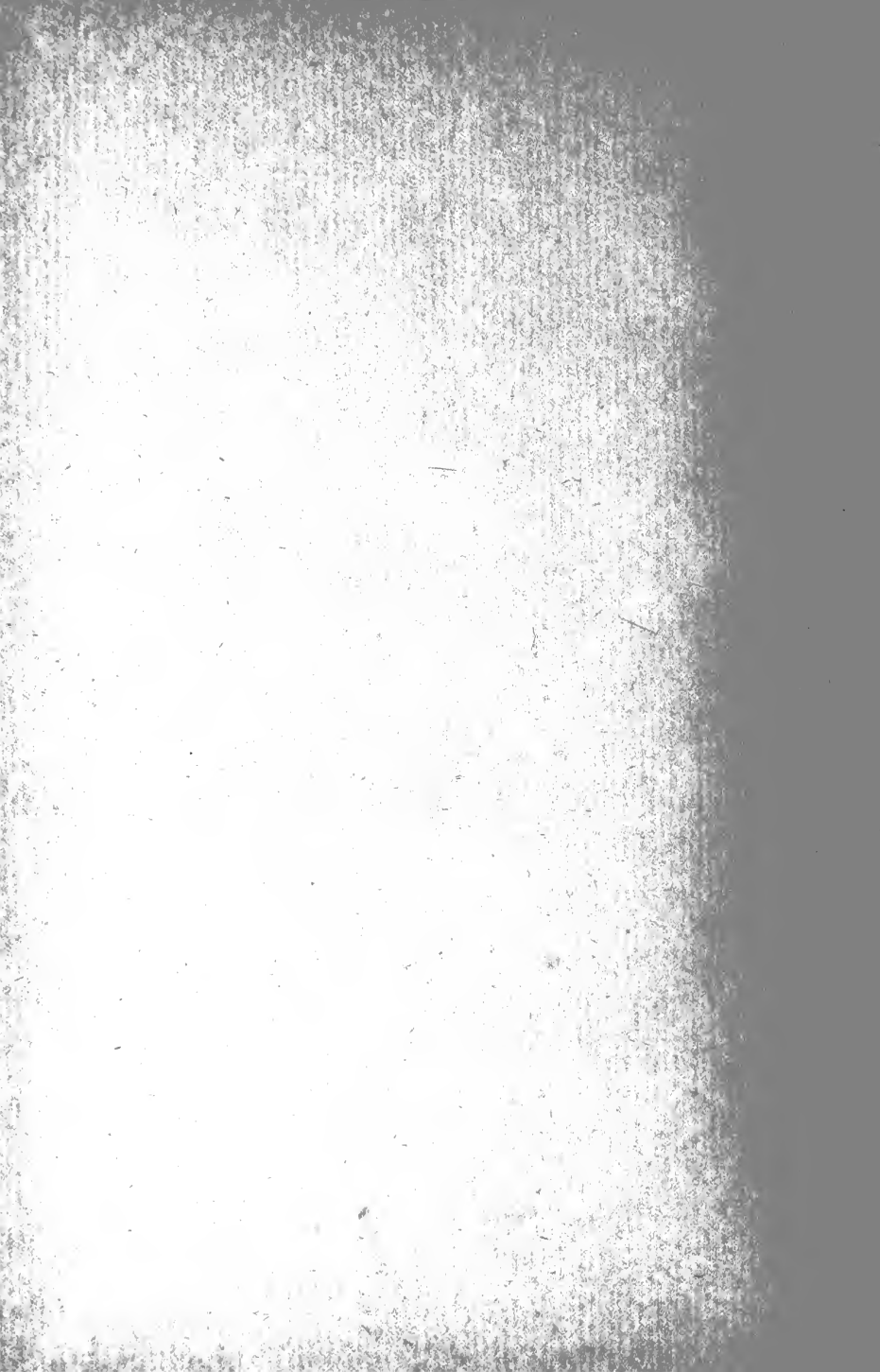
Finished—my harp's one song;
Broken its useless strings,
Since faileth the master-touch;
Ended the love of things.

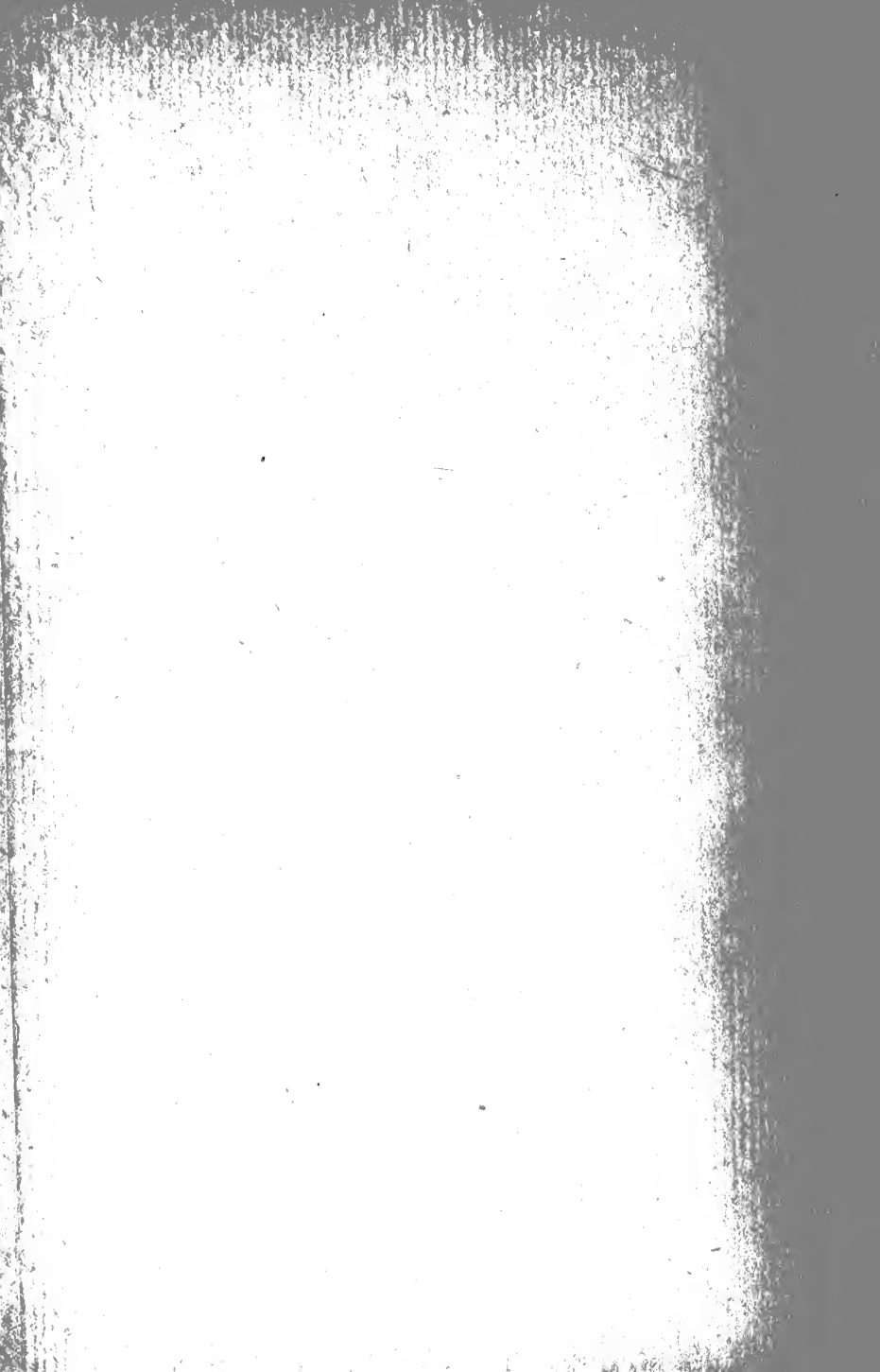
Life's gift of life—to-day—
In listless dreams I take;
In Death's tomorrow live
With heart and soul awake.

When comes the clarion-call
From out the mists to me;
Fadeth away the light,
Rolleth the darkened sea,

Then come, O spirit-love,
No foolish fears be mine,
If at the close of day,
My hand be clasped in thine.

I care not how or when,
It does not matter where,
My soul disrobes at last,
If thou art only there.







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